

Four American Saints and Martyrs.

Rev. Father Wynne Writes of the New Movement to Create a Great American Lourdes.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal:

The placing in the new diocesan seminary at Dunwoody of the martyr Father Isaac Jogues and of Catherine Tekakwitha, the Indian virgin, is possessed of peculiar interest at this time, as it is on the eve of the annual pilgrimage of good Catholics to the shrine of the Mission of the Martyrs at Aurillac, this State, where these two glorious characters passed into the reward of their unswerving devotion to the faith. This year the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Father Jogues will be celebrated at the shrine with special solemnity and fervor. The chief days of the pilgrimage will be August 15 and the Sunday following, August 16.

Briefly, I may tell the story of the life of Father Jogues. He was born in the shadow of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, at Orleans, in France, on January 10, 1607, and from this fact, in after days, used to call himself a "Citizen of the Cross." The call of the title was not restricted to the incident with Christ gave him a well merited right to the sacred passion, upon which he loved to meditate. This love of the cross of Jesus shed his blood for the world, and he begged him to a foreign mission. The order came soon after his elevation to the priesthood. The field of his labors was Canada.

His first missionary experience was among the Hurons. Some one had to be sent to Quebec to bring back the annual supplies for the mission. The journey was full of danger, for the hostile Iroquois infested the banks of the St. Lawrence River. He prepared himself by a retreat and a general confession. This strengthened he boldly set forth. He reached Quebec in safety, but was taken captive on the return journey.

Among his fellow prisoners were two young Frenchmen, René Goupil and William Couture, who, for the love of God, had given their services to the mission. Father Jogues encouraged these heroic souls and thereby aroused the rage of the savages against himself.

The victims were then thrown into canoes. The captors amused themselves by irritating the undressed wounds of the captives. On land they were treated like beasts of burden. At night they were bound to stakes and exposed to the bites of innumerable insects. After a few days they met a band of warriors who carried all prisoners into a place between a double line of armed men, the line, half dead from the tortures, were placed on a platform.

They beat Father Jogues on the head and body, burned one of his fingers and crushed another with their teeth. The next day they started again. For days' journey still remained. When they met with warriors the same fear ensued.

At night the children amused themselves by torturing the captives. Hung up by the arms from the beams of a house, after a quarter of an hour of agony a strange Indian cut the cords and released them.

In 1643 the good father returned to France, which he reached on Christmas Day, and was received by his brethren in religion with reverence and joy. The Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, summoned him to Paris, treated him with the greatest honor and wept when she gazed hands.

The more he was honored the more he humbled himself. His heart was with the poor savages, and he earnestly entreated his superiors to send him back to Canada. His prayer was granted, and, in the Spring of 1644, he embarked at La Rochelle for Quebec.

Three months after arrival he started for the country of the Iroquois, who were now supposed to be at peace with the French. "My heart tells me," he wrote, "that if I

have the happiness to be employed in this mission, I shall go, but shall not return. The holocaust was accepted. The fury of the Iroquois was once more inflamed. The French were blamed for all their misery. War was declared. Warriors took the warpath on October 15. Father Jogues fell into the hands of one of the bands. He imagined them to be allies, but the bonds which he was bound and the harsh treatment he underwent soon undeceived him.

Two days later he reached Ossernenon, where he had before spent thirteen months of captivity. Here the barbarous reception he knew so well awaited him. He was savagely beaten. A wretch tore out pieces of his flesh from his arms and shoulders and devoured them before his victim's eyes, saying: "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of a man!" (a god). "No," replied the victim, "it is only a man like you. But why do you kill me? I have come to confirm peace and lead you to heaven, and you treat me like a wild beast. Fear the punishment of the Great Spirit."

Opinions were divided. Two powerful families wished to save the captives at any cost. A general council was convoked at Tionnontoguen. It was decided to free the prisoners. But when the delegates brought the news to Ossernenon, it was too late.

On a pole of the pallade hung the bleeding head of Father Jogues, who had been treacherously struck with a tomahawk and

then beheaded. The tyrant had united himself to the Indians.

The Father of all Balthasar, the beatified with his name, René Goupil, Kateri Tekakwitha, was born in Ossernenon, the banks of the St. Lawrence River. Taken captive by the Iroquois, she became the wife of a savage who had saved her from torture.

When Kateri was four years old her father, mother and little brother died of smallpox, and she herself bore the marks of the disease.

The little orphan was adopted by an uncle, and she grew up to be a treasure to the household.

loved her mother, Anastasia, one of the pillars of the Mission.

Here, once more, false accusations were made, but not once did she turn upon her accusers. The originator of the slander afterward performed voluntary penance for three years, and loudly proclaimed Kateri's saintliness.

Again matrimony was proposed, but she answered that she had consecrated herself, body and soul, to her heavenly spouse. He did not prolong her exile long. Her health failed.

She remained in the Mission and suffered heroically, adding self-inflicted penances to share in the passion of her Saviour.

On Wednesday, in Holy Week, in the year 1678, she passed away from earth. After death, her face became like that of an angel—serene, pure, fair—without a trace of the disease that had marred it in life; all felt impelled to pray as they gazed upon her, stretched on her pallet, apparently asleep.

Every article that had belonged to her

the history of the Catholic Church in America.

The Archbishop will be urged to add the effigy of René Crouplé, the young French missionary who met martyrdom with Father Jogues, and Hennequin, Marquette, Joliet, La Salle and other famous missionaries will be added from time to time.

The new seminary at Dunwoody is to replace the first institution at Troy. Archbishop Corrigan, under whose spiritual and executive direction this great training school for the priesthood is to be conducted, is a native American, and the American spirit will be ever present in the administration of its affairs. The collection is the work of Joseph Selhel, the sculptor, who placed them in position last week.

The seminary will be formally opened on Wednesday next, August 12, with elaborate ceremonies, directed by the Archbishop in person, the consecration of the statues of the saints being a feature. The four sacred marbles representing the Americans are all of original design.

St. Rose of Lima was the first saint to be canonized in the new world. She was

born in Lima, Peru, in 1586, and, although christened Isabel, became known in childhood as Rose on account of her great beauty. She was of a deeply religious nature, and while yet of tender years took the vows of chastity and poverty. She entered a convent of the Dominican order, and exerted the pious veneration of the sisterhood by the austerity of her life.

She emulated the life of Catherine of Siena, sleeping in a garden, but on a bed of broken tiles. A hair shirt studded with iron nails she wore next to her flesh. The sculptor depicts upon the head of the saint the silver crown with its ninety sharp points, which she wore at all times. She is dressed in the habit of the Dominican order, the veil partially concealing the silver crown of thorns.

The second of the statues is of St. Turibius, who was an Archbishop of Lima in the seventeenth century, and one of the most distinguished of missionary ecclesiastics. There is a paucity of legend regarding this dignitary. He was a man of great wealth and powerful Spanish connections. The statue shows the Archbishop in full canonicals, and is a faithful copy of an old painting.

Father Jogues is shown in the habit of a Jesuit missionary, holding aloft an improvised crucifix. The Indian Virgin is shown in an idealized edition of the members of the tribe of her fathers. The detail of bead work, Indian fringe and gull decorations upon the robe is wrought out by the sculptor in an elaborate manner.

feet, for they trot to their work in the morning and trot home in the evening, and do more or less trotting for pleasure when the frugal supper has been eaten and the Bowerly is ablaze with white lights and yellow lights, and young gentlemen with very short coats and very pointed boots and very marked mannerisms, stand resplendent upon corners.

They must have known, too, by what sort of support their feet were attached to their bodies. For every one knows that the one great dread and horror in a Bowerly girl's life is the fear of having to mend her stockings, and every time she sits down to do that the corporal substantiality of her legs must be clearly presented to her mind.

But to know that one has legs, as a horse has legs, is not necessarily to know that one has legs as a woman has legs; legs to be looked at, legs to be thought about, legs to be talked about.

When, then, the young ladies of the East Side learned to take an objective, rather than a subjective, view of their legs, it began to be a sore grief to many of them that their legs were born to blush unseen.

Many observers have remarked the tendency of the Bowerly girl's garter, and the tendency of that inexpensive circlet to slip down and require adjustment (a process embellished by the most delightful giggling and pointing and hiding behind doors).

But, if a girl thinks she has a pretty leg, she gets very little satisfaction out of merely going behind doors and knowing that other people are looking at it. She has a vague unrest. She knows that she is not herself just.

When you multiply this dissatisfaction the number of girls who think they are not of human sorrow, for almost all of them have pretty legs, even if they think "stand over," like aged car horses.

The most hideous of girls cherish a little illusion about her legs, just as a cross-eyed girl believes she has an "interesting" face. Such are the rags of satisfaction which comfort even the most wickedly ugly of young women.

It may be that the lavish display of photographs of burlesque actresses, many of these East Side girls, too, for that matter, examining them, perhaps, to play and consultation with the dearest friends, with the verdict that under the same environment the latter would not suffer by comparison.

For many years girls and young men have imagined that they had achieved a spectacular success as Queen of Night shepherdessees, Jolly Jack Tom, etc., at the common masquerade balls of the common people, have had those glances perpetuated before the camera.

There is a legend that a Mr. Tasse, now sleeping with his fathers, was to East Side imagination what the hal corpus act was to personal liberty.

Having a fanciful turn of mind, at the time of the pair of little Eva wings, which of a distressed "Uncle Tom" party were sold at auction, put up this sign: "Be Take Bring Your Own Night Gown Wings." For years and years were photographed as angels, did not like being angels, being angels had been drummed into minds from earliest infancy.

The figure of an angel, in their minds, all that was tedious and sportive. But it was better to be photographed in a night gown and in their every day clothes, and in company of faded angels (Mr. Tasse before the triumph of the masquerade old-fashioned East Side).

"Angels are back number now," the photographer around them when he took charge of the and he bought, all pairs of the slender, medium, long full, short medium, and short full of the English "model" angel, there appeared the sign, "Angels in Tighties. Bring Your Own." "I have the Best." In from that day every model's thought centre of leg comes the brain of every Bowerly girl at the wildest activity. Here at last chance for the girl with legs to satisfaction out of them.

They flocked to that studio; the slender, the long medium, the short slender, the short medium, the short full, in pairs, each of own kind, all the legs on the East Side were photographed.

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In the Bowerly galleries, when are taken in tighties there are dressing rooms for the "ladies," male attendant with experience, "dresser" and "make-up."



KATERI TEKAKWITHA. FATHER JOGUES S.J. ST. TURIBIUS. ST. ROSE OF LIMA

as treasured as a relic. Many are the favors related to have been granted by this saint and holy "Lily of the Mohawks," the good Catherine, as those who knew or were wont to call her.

Her body was interred beside a little stream, at the foot of a tree, on which she used to pray. After two hundred years her tomb is still a place of her harsh treatment. Thenceforth she was regarded rather as a servant than a daughter of her tribe, whose reservation was a few miles away. To her intercession their pastor ascribes the constancy which they adhere to the faith, and marvellous favors granted to their years. Her cause has been combined with that of Father Jogues, because she is first distinguished fruit of his suffering and death.

REV. JOHN S. WYNNE, S. J., The Apostleship of Prayer, No. 29 West Sixteenth street. addition to the statues of Father Jogues, the martyr, the Kateri Tekakwitha, canonized by Father Wynne, Archbishop of the Diocesan Seminary at Dunwoody, and St. Turibius, the two American saints, as to the canonization of whom there is no question.

It is the prayerful hope and one of the most distinguished of the Jesuitical order to speedily bring about the beatification and subsequent canonization of the martyr, Father Jogues, and the Indian Virgin.

Archbishop Corrigan conceived and has carried out the idea of placing in the halls of the seminary the representative American training school for the priesthood the statues of character closely identified with

born in Lima, Peru, in 1586, and, although christened Isabel, became known in childhood as Rose on account of her great beauty. She was of a deeply religious nature, and while yet of tender years took the vows of chastity and poverty. She entered a convent of the Dominican order, and exerted the pious veneration of the sisterhood by the austerity of her life.

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BILL NYE'S COMIC HISTORY.

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made the celebrated bon-mot relative to dogs his pets. Having been out the evening before attending a watermelon social in the country, and having contributed a portion of his clothing to a barbed-wire fence and the balance to an open-faced Waterbury bulldog, some one asked him what he thought of the dog as a pet.

Richard drew himself up to his full height, and said that, as a rule, he favored the dog as a pet, but that the man who got too "in" with the common, low-browed bulldog of the fifteenth century would find that it must certainly hurt him in the end.

He resided for several years under the tutelage of the Earl of Warwick, was called the "King-maker," and after-ward, in 1470, fled to Flanders, remaining there for some time.

He commanded the van of the Yorkist army at the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, and Tewkesbury, May 4, fighting gallantly on both sides. It is said, in an article which he wrote for an English magazine, that he had been accused of having murdered Prince Albert after the battle, and also his father Henry VI., in the tower a few days later, but it is not known to be a fact.

Richard was attainted and outlawed by Parliament at one time; but he was careful about what he ate, and didn't get his feet wet, so, at last, having a good preamble and constitution, he pulled through.

He married his own cousin, Anne Neville, who made a first-rate queen. She got so that it was no trouble at all for her to reign while Dick was away attending to his large slaughtering interests.

Richard at this time was made Lord High Constable and Keeper of the Pound. He was also Justiciary of North Wales, Seneschal of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Chief of Police on the North Side.

His brother Clarence was successfully executed for treason in Peppercorn.

nry, 1478, and Richard, without a moment's hesitation, came to the front and inherited the estates.

Richard had a stormy time of it up to 1481, when he was made "protector and defender of the realm" early in May. He then proceeded with a few neglected executions. This list was headed—rather beheaded—by Lord Chamberlain Hastings, who tendered his resignation in a pail of sawdust soon after Richard became "protector and defender of the realm."

Richard laid claim to the throne in June, on the grounds of the illegitimacy of his nephews, and was crowned July 6. So was his queen. They sat on this throne for some time, and each had a sceptre with which to wield their subjects over the head and keep off the flies in Summer.

Richard could wield a sceptre longer and harder, it is said, than any other middle-weight monarch known to history. The throne was used by Richard in still in existence, and has an aperture in it containing some very old gin.

The reason this gin was left, it is said, was that he was suddenly called away from the throne and never lived to get back. No monarch should ever leave his throne in too much of a hurry.

Richard made himself very unpopular in 1485 by his forced loans, as they were called—a system of assessing a man after dark with a self-cocking writ and what was known as the headache-stick, a small weapon which was worn on the sleeve during the day, and which was worn behind the ear by the loyal subject after nightfall. It was a common sight, so says the historian, to hear the night-fall and the headache-stick fall at the same time.

The queen died in 1485, and Richard thought some of marrying again; but it got into the newspapers because he thought of it while a correspondent was going by, who heard it and telegraphed his paper who the lady was and all about it. This scared Richard out, and he changed his

mind about marrying, concluding, as a mild substitute, to go into the Bosworth and get killed all at once. He did so on the 22d of August. After his death it was found that he had rolled up his pantaloons his knees, so that he would not get sore on them. This custom was generally adopted in England.

He was buried by the nuns of Leicester in their chapel, Richard succeeding him as king. He was buried in the usual manner, and amount of obliquity heaped on him.

That is one advantage of being great. After one's grave is all one can have a large three-cornered chunk of obliquity put on the tomb to mark the spot and keep medical students away of nights.

Greatness certainly has its drawbacks, as the Duchess of Bloomer to the author, after she had been sitting on a dry goods box with a

and had, therefore, called forth adverse criticism. An unknown man might have sat on that same dry goods box and hung on the same nail till he was black in the face, without causing remarks, but with the Duchess of Bloomer it was different—oh, so different!

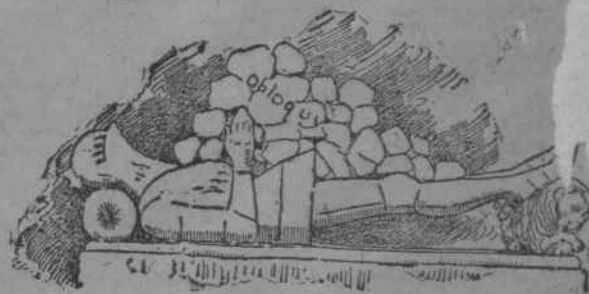
(To Be Continued Next Sunday.)



They Sat on the Throne for Some Time.



A Mild Substitute for Second Marriage.



Tomb of Richard III.

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Too Intimate with



Richard III

female line, so he was the father of the royal family. Richard III, the royal father, the Fool-Killer, had the misfortune, to get himself an in two pieces, and ceased cast a gloom over Richard



Richard III

id of the Yorkists in the War of the Roses. of York, while struggling one day with Henry rushed in 1460, prior to the conquest of the e, while trying to wrest the throne from ed, at the second point. He was brought home draw a salary as a duke from that on. This I inspired in his breast a strong desire to cut off the heads of a few casual acquaintances.

He was but eight years of age at this time, and was taken prisoner and sent to Utrecht, Holland. He was returned in good order the following year. His elder brother Edward having become king, under the title of Edward IV., Richard was then made Duke of Gloucester. Lord High Admiral, Knight of the Garter, and Earl of Balmoral.

It was at this time that he